STREAMLETS FROM THE FOUNT OF POESY . . .

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STREAMLETS

FROM

THE FOUNT OF POESY.

Streamlets

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Fount of Poesy

BY

N. B. GAZDER, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.

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DEDICATION.

Thou Goddess sage of Poesy,
Thou mother stern but true,
From whom our inspirations flow,
Pure as the heavenly dew;
My meek oblation to thy shrine,
With fervent reverence bound,
To thee I bring, I dedicate,
These streamlets from thy fount.

N.B.G.

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Streamlets from the Fount of Poesy.

Britannia's Triumph.

HAIL, Britannia! isle of the blest,
The home of the happy and free;
Thy beauties gay that charm the way,
Are fresh as the pure azure sea.

Thy banner waves in Western lands;
The East salutes thee, Empress-Queen;
Thy music sounds in war and peace
With strains triumphant and serene.

On Indian plains and Afric soil,
'Mid palms and dazzling sunny sand,
'Mid Northern snows, and West or South,
Thy rule extends superb and grand.

Thy mighty voice sends forth the note
Of peace to many an aching mind;
And happy times of blessings sweet
Are showered free on all mankind.

The savage tribes that roam the wilds,
And tribes upon the barren crag,
Know well thy might and pow'r supreme,
And prosper underneath thy flag.

That flag has flown 'mid many a storm
Which brings dejection in its train ;
But clouds pass by, and summer skies
Burst forth in splendour once again.

And though these days of trials stern
Make cruel clouds of sadness rise,
In little time they prove to be
Sweet gracious blessings in disguise.

For stronger, mightier than before,
The chains of genuine love are bound
To Queen and Country, home and hearth,
Through all the joyous world around.

So when the foe stands at the door,
The voice of mother Nature cries :
" To arms, ye men, spring up and show
The strength supreme of filial ties."

And quick as lightning come the words :
" For Britain's aid we gladly start
To push the foe from out the land,
And stand and guard her, heart to heart."

And Britain's soldiers to the call
Respond with martial valour true,
And soon that proud and haughty foe
His day of boastful pride doth rue.

To question Great Britannia's might!
To taint her fair undying fame!
And heap on her abuses foul
And insults on her grand old name!

And 'midst the carnage of the brave,
Of Britain's best and noblest breed,
Were British heroes, scorning death,
And dying for a noble deed.

'Midst storms of shell, and bullets' rain,
'Midst death at every nook and turn,
Fair Britain's sons their aid extend
To help the slain and heal the burn.

Brave souls that would not fear to die
Nor face the deadly aspect grim,
But with firm, dauntless hands and hearts
They try to face life's ebbing stream.

Their brows are crowned with laurel wreaths,
Their praise is sung in lofty keys,
Their valour shines in mighty deeds
Which gain for them the grand V.C.s.

And Britain's flag is waved on high
By union, grand and firm and strong ;
And petty strifes of party life
Are all condemned, absurd and wrong.

With sons like these, thou need not fear
The strength of hostile furious men,
True arms and hearts and steadfast eyes,
Protect the lordly lion's den.

Who dares to brave the lion roused
By insult foul and deadly blow ?
For woe to those that would presume
To stop the ocean's mighty flow.

The bitter foes that burn with rage
At thy majestic, glorious fame,
Shall quench their envious wrath and spite
In the most bitter cup of shame.

Thy glorious might shall never fade,
But burn on with a brighter light—
As sun that shines the live-long day,
And stars that shine the live-long night.

Life's Sunshine.

SWEET are the thoughts that oft at evening's close
Come silently to soothe the jaded mind
Of many sad and weary souls, who find
Meet solace for the life that ebbs and flows;
In thoughts that breathe of that which once have been,
Of that which brought of gladness and of mirth,
In days gone by, and which before the birth
Of budding sorrow by mankind is seen.
The things that once in splendour crowned our dreams,
Ah! we would fain recall them, though we wish
We had been spared the bitter, keen anguish
Of blighted hopes, that poured their dazzling beams
But for a while; which like the mirage seems
To show mankind the goal they try to reach.

Morning.

HOW sweet the music chirped by plumaged bards
Comes smoothly to the ear at break of day,
When forth from out the East a brilliant ray
Lights up the heav'ns,—night's shadow slow departs.
The veins of Nature throb with new delight
As birds and bleating herds their joy attest
In tones harmonious, welcoming their guest,
Encircled wide and far with purest light.
Soothed with refreshing sleep we wake to greet the dawn,
To taste the balmy zephyrs from the east
Which blow in gentle waves, clearing the mist,
And opening to our sight the glorious morn.
Sparkles with dewdrops bright the smiling corn,
In bonnty spreads the gay luxuriant feast.

Evening.

THE shades of the departing day with slow
And silent footsteps creep out into the
Sombre hue of night; and sympathy,
The harbinger of peace and quiet flow
Of sweet and solemn thoughts, for humankind,
Instils itself in the stern hearts of men.
Birds to their leafy bow'r, beasts to their den
At spread of twilight grey, their way do find;
But we retire not at evening's close,—
Man was not made to mate with beasts and birds,
Or ape the listless life of homely herds
That bleat in plaintive tones at their sad throes;
In us life's beauteous sunshine softly glows
For work, and rest from labour's pleasing stirs.

Milton.

THOU mighty voiced bard of harmony
And soul enchanting strains, thy pow'r divine
Unlocked to mortal sight a gorgeous mine
Of rarest and richest gems. Harsh penury
Thy choicest days did blight with bitter woes,
And the pure joys of hearth and home, stern fate
With unrelenting hand denied thee late.
Thy life sublime, the page of history knows,
Is marked with flowing lines of high resolve
To do the deeds of matchless fortitude
In mind and body; and with eyes though mute
Did'st glance from Heav'n to earth with aim to solve
The laws of God to man, and thus refute
The notions false that humankind involve.

Shakespeare.

THRICE blessed the day which brought to life and light
Thou bard divine, who with a magic hand
Unfurled to mortal gaze the prospect grand
Of Nature's varied and unchanging might ;
Whose matchless pen of power fathomed deep
The depths and shoals and springs of human minds,
And that mysterious tie which firmly binds
Our mortal bodies to this Earth's safe keep.
On Avon's banks thy early footsteps trod
Their simple childish ways of joy and love ;
And then it was the mighty Heav'n above
Poured soft its rays, as by the Will of God,
To give thy infant mind that wondrous curve
And shape, to wield with strength fair Nature's rod.

Life's Morning.

IN the glad sunshine of our early days,
When youth and pleasure hand in hand attend
Our path through life's young rosy morn, we spend
The fleeting hours in happy childhood's ways.
No busy thoughts of deep concern torment
Our infant minds, and sorrows saddening mount
With heaps of heartfelt pains has never found
Its way to blight youth's perfect beauty grand.
Then may those blessed days of joy and mirth,
Of innocence and ease, be with us long
To cheer our infant footsteps, and with song
Sung with a childish voice make heaven on earth
So sweet and simple is life's rosy morn,—
We think of it with sadness when 'tis gone.

Life's Evening.

THE days are past ; our little thread of life
Has spun its web of doubts and dismal fears,
Of sorrows and of joys. We count the years
Of our short existence which were rife
With such a medley of strange thoughts and deeds.
We dream and ponder sadly o'er those things,
Done in our boyhood's days. Some thought still links
Us as by a mysterious chain of reeds,—
Though weak and slender still of genuine power,—
To some dim distant corner of the land
Where first we felt the touch of a kind hand
Sooth and caress us in the silent hour.
The golden sands of life now few remain,
That soon will ease our soul from earthly pain.

The Past.

OLD Time with sure and measured steps doth wend
His silent course over the troubled waves
Of Life's unruly seas. Nothing he saves,
But with a ruthless hand, the proud and grand,
The beautiful, the true and wise, are all
Laid level with the dust of earthly things.
Near and afar we hear the knell he rings,—
We hear with silent awe that solemn call.
With watchful care we treasure up in store
Those thoughts and deeds which time cannot destroy,
And which the dust of years will not alloy;
Those things remain our treasure safe and sure.
Some give us pleasure, others give us pain,
And we thus count through life our loss or gain.

The Present.

THE mighty throb of busy human lives
That beat their fevered pulse in varied tones
Of sorrow and of mirth, proudly disowns
The thought that we may feel death's gives
Set firm on our frail and mortal arms
At any time. Such terrors do not bind
Their deadly grip upon that stubborn mind
That dares to do or die. The false alarms,
Which sadly trouble weak humanity,
And which the feeble mind doth gladly hold
As giving shelter in that timid fold
Of helpless souls, in fancy's fallacy.
The present is the time to work with aim
For objects high that surely bring us fame.

The Future.

GLEAM bright and dim the visions of the past,—
Of ages that have mouldered soft and low,
But leaving still impressions firm, that glow
As beacon lights for years that are to last.
What things the future has for us in store,
Who can surmise? Though rightly we may hope
The pages of Futurity will probe
For substance in the soil of ancient lore.
They say that history oft itself repeats,
And chronicles and stamps the works and men
Of ages yet to come with Time's old pen
Bejewelled with the gems of matchless deeds;
With silent patience we must gently plod
Our way through life, and leave the rest to God.

Sunrise.

HAIL, beauteous orb! thou soul of life divine!
Thou nourisher and strength of things create!
The comforter and joy divinely made
To bless and cheer us all with glad sunshine.
With streaks of matchless light the Eastern sky
Is all aglow, and every hill top stands
Flooded with radiance bright. Such beauty lends
Itself to human eyes which see placed high
The sovereign orb of day commencing slow
Its work of gladsome charity and love.
These beams of holy light that shoot above
The gateway of the East, proclaim the flow
Of joy eternal in all hearts that glow
With pleasure and delight that all approve.

Sunset.

THE fiery orb of daylight sinks by slow
Degrees far in the western sky, and all
The heavens seem ablaze by the red ball
Of radiant light on the horizon low.
Pure slabs of beaten gold adorn the sky,
And hosts unnumbered clad in armour bright
Seem all arrayed to meet in deadly fight
Amid the clash of arms. Such figures fly
Before our earthly sight when the bright globe
Sinks silently at close of the long day,
And slow pursues in other lands its way,
Marked out by God's divine decree. The robe
Adorned by Nature seems all gay with hope
And everlasting light of heavenly ray.

Sleep.

KIND Nature with a gentle hand doth give
To all her children, men and beasts and birds,
The sweet refreshing sleep. The bleating herds
That all day long have roamed the fields, and live
On dewy pasture, slow retire, led
By the gentle shepherd to their night's rest.
The feathered pilgrims of the air their nest
Of mossy down make as their peaceful bed
And rise betimes to greet the morning sun.
Mankind, too, seeks that soothing balm which heals
The wounds inflicted in the battlefields
Of daily life, and when his work is done
He lies him gently down in peaceful sleep
And drinks its fresh and fragrant waters deep.

The Nightingale.

SWEET bird of warbling melodies and songs,
Perennial minstrel! thy harmonious voice
And soul enchanting notes of music choice
To listen with delight my spirit longs.
I love to hear the sweet delicious strains
Ring out in cadence from thy tender throat,
When on the evening air they gently float
And fill with heavenly sounds the quiet plains.
Thou singest in thy earthly paradise
A song of everlasting hope and love
To all creation, like the gentle dove
Descending with a message from the skies.
Sing on, thou solemn minstrel of the night
Till the gay earth is flooded with heav'ns light.

Alfred of England.

ENGLAND'S proud boast art thou; thy high-souled will
And matchless strength of mind shone forth supreme
With radiancé bright like that pure heav'nly beam
That shoots its rays divine this earth to fill
With everlasting light. Thy gentle heart,
Though strong as iron-bound, did'st sympathise
And grieved for thy poor subjects' woes. They prize
These gracious qualities that have their start
In thy deep, loving soul, where truth its place
Had firmly fixed, and honour bright had wound
Its coat of burnished gold. Thy table round
Where, with thy noble knights, the Saxon race
Had laws dealt out to them, shall ever grace
Our annals proud and mark historic ground.

True Happiness.

YE sage philosophers, who seem
To know of things divine,
Can ye, who with all wisdom gleam,
Tell us where we can find the beam
Where true lights shine
Of happiness?

Ye who are learned in the lore
Of all that man relates,
Search out for us from your bright store,
Some hidden doctrine that is sure
In dealing with our fates,
To find the truth.

The truth, where lies our happiness,
The hidden solemn plan,
So surely laid for us to bless,
The state that true existence has,
The proper lot of man
Assigned to him.

Can it be found amidst the maze
And hum of busy life?
Amidst the turmoil and the blaze,
That heated life doth often raise,
By daily stress and strife
Of words and deeds.

Or is it found in peaceful shades
Of a sequestered life?
Far in some lonely sheltered glades,
Where soft the glimmering twilight fades
And silent gloom is rife,
At close of day?

Or is it where the student sits
In his secluded cell?
Where oft the midnight lamp he lits
When daylight from his chamber flits,
And thoughts of care expel
To read and think?

The warrior bold perhaps may say
That on the battlefield,
Where victory crown the hard-fought day
And stubborn hearts are light and gay,
The fruits that joy can yield
Are surely found.

What says the lover and the maid
Locked in each other's arms?
That every happiness is laid
In silent vows so sweetly paid,
And sheltered from all harms
In love and bliss.

Ah, surely, it is always found
Where true contentment reigns;
Be it in war or peaceful ground,
In jarring or in mirthful sound,
We always count its gains
In pleasing work.

In work that suits our inborn taste
True happiness doth lie;
Some seek it in a flurried haste,
And some in slow and peaceful state
Their daily work pass by
Contentedly.

And can the rich man's store of wealth
More happiness impart?
Can shining gold buy us our health?
Can peace of mind be had by stealth?
A gentle loving heart
By doubts and fears?

True ! gold has power, strength, respect,
It deals out comforts mild
But still it is undoubted fact
That gold and silver seldom act
Although in masses piled
In giving joy.

Though wealth commands all luxuries
It may not know content,
It may be stranger to all ease,
And all that doth relate to peace,
By war and faction rent,
In days of strife.

But oft-times it has been of good
When used in wisdom's way ;
It is of pure beatitude
In giving comforts to the nude
To make a gladsome day
For misery.

It also may of blessing prove
And happiness attain,
If there be truth and tender love
Amidst the gay and gorgeous stuff,
And every thought of pain
Be banished wide.

The state of mind in which we are
Doth prove of joy or pain,
For there it is we make or mar,
By storing or by keeping far,
Those things that are a bane
To happy life.

Thus joy and pleasure may be found
In hut or palace grand;
In smiles and laughter's merry round
When cheerful hearts in love are bound,
And peaceful minds doth lend
Their sympathy.

Gay frocks may not contain a heart
That ease or pleasure feels,
Nor plain and untouth dress impart
A look of woe that makes us start,
For outward show conceals
The soul within.

And our surroundings oft become
What we would choose to make;
Though all around be joyful hum
And plunged in misery be some,
Still we can firmly shake
Ourselves from them.

The mind may in its fortress live
Apart from all the rest,
It may consume what pleasures give
Or pitch itself on seas that heave,
It makes a willing guest
To all alike.

Thus all our happiness, its seat
Finds in our inmost minds,
From where spring forth the radiant heat,
Or chilling blasts, or frosts that beat,
And every shape that binds
Its cobweb there.

And thus we find the true estate
Where lies our happiness;
We see the true and silent gate
That lies so open to our fate,
Which entrance finds to bless
Or deal us woe.

So if prosperity should smile
With beaming look on us,
If happiness we seek awhile
By little portions or in pile,
With care must guard the purse
Lodged in our minds.

For there it is we get the gold
So priceless for our lives;
There lies the precious store we hold
That makes us happy, brave, and bold,
The bounteous honey hives
So sweet to taste.

The Light of Hope.

O THOU blest spark of the Eternal mind
Sole nourisher and strength,—to thee we owe
A debt immense of endless gratitude
And praise. Thy vital flame, ignited deep
In hearts of human tenderness and love,
Pursues its silent course of genial warmth
And everlasting light through the dark days
Of silent sharp endurance wrought from out
The inmost depths of the slow bleeding heart.
The gloomy clouds spread wide their baleful wings
And threaten desolation deep as hell
With all the tortures of the nether world,
But thy bright light gleams forth supreme and pure
Out of the void profound of endless gloom
And night of ebon blackness still as death.
It speaks to us as with a solemn voice
Piercing the loud and roaring tempests fierce
That lull in threatening compact overhead,
And says that never on this earth shall pain
And human suffering long hold their sway

To be the bane of man. It speaks to us,—
As with a voice from out the tuneful choir
Of Angels pure and holy, breathing soft
Their sweet melodious music full of trust
And righteous faith in the Almighty's pow'r
To comfort and console,—and whisper's low
A tale of gladsome charity and hope.
Faith, Hope and Charity, three graces pure,
Three heavenly lights bestowed on mortal men,
The priceless emblems of Eternity,
That shine serene with holy radiance mild
And with pure light illuminate the void
Of endless gloom,—this triple blessing sent
To frail humanity by the Divine,
Supports and strengthens us when pain
And misty doubt attack the weary brain.
Faith in His strength to guard and guide our life
Amidst the roaring waters of this world,
That heave and fume and fret in tempests wild,
Tossing our tiny bark in dreadful whirls
Of agony and fear ; and beaming Hope
Of glad anticipation, that the end
And only outcome of this stormy life,
So full of fearsome obstacles, shall be
The calm and quiet of a blissful close.
And last not least, comes holy Charity,
The meek and pure, the soul of Hope and Faith ;
The germ of every tenderness and love
That shines in human hearts of flesh and blood,

And with its goodness bounteous and wide
Perfumes with fragrance sweet the desert wild
Of doubts and contradictions' misty maze.
And if this triple blessing had not been
Bestowed on mortal men,—this genial Hope,
This Faith of firm endurance in the God
Supreme of this created world we see,—
What would there be of consolation mild
To lift us up from out the horrid mass
Of tangled webs and unknown mysteries,
That haunt the weary brain from day to day
And make both mind and body sick and worn?
What hope would there be left, what faith and love
In our own kith and kin, and in the dim
And distant future of our earthly lives?
Nothing but blank despair and total void,
A dreary waste of darkness and of death,
In which all dismal phantoms of the mind
Would find full play to work their savage part;
Nothing to us remain but bitter pains
In mind and body, sufferings immense,
And trials without and hope of end,
That may soon plunge our weary souls
In utter helplessness and woe unknown.
But this we know can never be our lot,
This state of nothingness and blank dismay,
A hell of dark obscurity, a place
That never was designed for humankind.
For then this earth would be a barren waste

Of weeds and tares and fruitless gardens wild,
Where everything would soon decay and die
And breed forth rank contagion far and wide,
For want of that pure sunshine of the soul,
That nourisher of life, the balm of woes,
That strengthens and sustains of daily life.
But that eternal fount of human bliss,
The soul's glad fondness for all earthly hopes,
Those gay and dazzling images of thought
That rise and spring in fairy vision drest
To charm the human mind, gives life to all
That work and toil amidst the world's vast throng.
For beaming fancy's firmest faith presents
The visual sense with colours bright and gay,
Where everything is full of joy and hope,
And nothing dismal seems to lurk around
With pestilential odours' biting taste.
We raise our glowing aspirations high
Above, in safe security from all
This world of din and strife that round us hum,
And tender them with watchful care and hope
That they may bear their fruits in time to come,
Those fruits that blossom on the tree we rear
In our inmost souls, with fond delight
And with manuring plentiful and deep.
We stamp the image of our glowing thoughts
Firm in our hearts, where they in their safe seat
Are nourished and supported by the care
And watchful sympathy we all bestow

On things that most concern us in our lives.
We tend and nurse them as a mother tends
Her smiling babe, fresh as the rosy morn,
When in its tender years the infant lies
A poor helpless creature mute and dumb,
A victim to the dreadful winds that blow
Around in painful agony in their
Furious career, and which had crushed it soon,
Had not the guiding arm of its fond nurse
Been near to shield and guard it with her love
And tender vigilance. Thus we our thoughts,
And beaming hopes that promise sweet reward,
Tend and give shape with steadfast watch and care,
That every hostile substance of deceit
And treacherous guile may fail in its attempt
To storm the strong citadels of our minds,
And rob us of the priceless treasure stored
In deep abundance, safe in its recess.
But chance may be that oft-times some gay hope
We long had cherished with a fervent zeal,
Proves to be false and empty as the wind,
And like the barren, wild, and fruitless tree,
That grows on desert islands, where the blast
Of raging tempests and obnoxious airs
Kills with a ruthless hand the budding leaves
And blossoms full of promise, which in time
Would bear ripe fruits in gay luxuriance
To gladden human hearts and satisfy
The thirst and hunger of the soul,—this hope

Decays and dies in its own silent place
Before it gains the full maturity
And true perfection which fulfils our faith
In all its promised blessings and delights.
These shattered idols we lay gently by
In the deep corners of the mind's recess
And hide them from our sight. It is not fit
To be for ever moaning on the past
In solitary silence deep and wild.
The things that might have been may still prove true
To us in the rotation of life's wheel,
Spinning its weak and slender threads of gold
Mixed up with baser substance. Ups and downs
In life's chequered career have been the lot
Of mortal men. Down comes the wheel of fate
In swift rotation, with a cruel aim,
Blasting with baleful view the genial sense
Of its poor victim, crushed and sadly torn.
But time with its glad cure of healing balm
And pure benevolence is soon at work,
Nursing with tender hand the bitter wound
Inflicted deep. Slow works the cure but sure
And soon the dreadful scar though painful still
Regains the outward semblance it had lost,
And life once more assumes the pleasing hue
Of gaiety and mirth. Sweet is the sense
Instilled in human minds of coming joy
When pleasure born of steadfast hope fulfilled
Heralds its near approach with signs undimmed

By doubts or dismal fears, save by a strange,
A pleasant fluttering of the heart that seems
To show the anxious watch and care bestowed
By the poor, pale and worn-out sufferer,
Longing to welcome in the pleasing change
And turn in the rotation of life's wheel.
These silent, quiet flutterings of joy
Have their own charm ; they seem to move in us
With a bright glow the radiating flow
Of life's perennial fount, which else would soon
Stagnate by slow degrees and choke the spring
Of all our joys and pleasures. All our lives
Are spent in work and quiet labour, that
By doing so we may attain the goal
And end of our existence which is joy
And happiness. We know the sweet reward
That crowns the brave and persevering mind
Struggling with adverse fate,—a toilsome mount
Up the steep cliff of life, when burdened hard
With heavy loads of pale anxiety
And sad fatigue, he climbs by slow degrees
The rocky sharp and treacherous paths that lie
Around at every turn up that high hill ;
With painful step and slow he journeys on
Up to the topmost crest, with steadfast heart,
And eye fixed on the star of brightest ray,
That star of hope sublime and pure in light
That sheds its grateful beams to warm, to guide
And cheer the sinking heart. The way is long,

And narrow is the path that slowly leads
Up to the top. Fierce winds and tempests howl
In pitiless horror around that steep
And dangerous ascent, while the rough ground,
So full of stony crevices and rocks
Half sunken in the earth, that dog his path
At every step, completes the dismal task
In its abundance of distress and pain,
He falters many a time, and oft his step,
Coming across some treacherous stone or rock
Just hidden from his sight, loses its hold
Of the firm ground, and tumbling piteously,
The sore-tried traveller comes down on his knee.
He quick regains his foothold, and resumes
His stubborn march, for well he knows that soon
The long and uphill work will have its end,
And with it come the much required rest,
His work's reward, looked for with longing eyes.
Meanwhile the hard and stony ground he trod
Changes into a soft and pleasing soil,
More grateful to the step, and patches bright
Of fresh and leafy verdure, springing up
As from a fruitful soil, adorn his path,
And which fortels the near approach of all
That he had laboured for. The air which had
So far, amidst the narrow windings long,
Seemed close and damp with misty vapours dew
Now turns into an atmosphere sublime,
Giving new life and purer sustenance

By the sweet breath, so full of fragrance mild,
Of gentle breezes blowing soft and low
In balmy waves that give delight and joy
And put fresh vigour in the weary limbs
Made slow by pain and toil ; and once again
New life seems flowing with a gentle glow
In that lone traveller which makes his step
More light and firm as he advances slow
The spot at which he aimed. The summit gained,
Behold a prospect opens to his eyes,
Which long had gazed on parched and barren soil,
A vista grand in its magnificence
Of wealth superb, an earthly paradise,
The crown and goal of his ambition proud.
Calmly he views the scene he long had wished
To gaze upon ; his sad and tired eye
Drinks in the dewy balm of the fresh fields,
Spread wide in front with gay luxuriance
Of budding fruits and flowers beautiful,
A nectar for the gods. For these he worked,
For these he journeyed on the livelong day,
From early morn till eve in sombre hue
Bids tired nature rest his weary limbs
And seek refreshment for the next day's work.
A battle hard he fought, a battle grand,
A sight for all the gods, who long had watched
His slow career, with slow unfaltering step,
Working his way through toil and trials stern,
A task to daunt the stoutest heart. But Hope,

The guiding star of life had poured its rays
Right onward on his path, its beacon light
Illumined far the darkness grim of night,
When all around seemed plunged in silent gloom
And solitary plight. It spurred him on
In his heartrending task, and made him look
With a brave heart that suffers no defeat.
Shine on thou star of hope, shine with a light
To penetrate that dull and dismal shape,
The spectre grim of unrewarded work,
And pour thy rays to cheer the sinking mind
With visions of success and hope fulfilled.

Mercy in Justice.

LET Justice be tempered
With Mercy's bright beam,
For dark sits in shadow
Blind Justice supreme.

For Justice is sightless,
Unable to see
That cometh to seek her
For true charity.

The band round her eyebrows
Seems bound to the sight,
To shut out the hideous
Phantoms of fright.

Those phantoms so dismal
For her to be seen
When merciful judgment
Forsaken has been.

Her hands hold the compass,
The scales of the just,
With which she pronounces
Her sentence accurst.

Her scales are uneven
When false are the weights,
Which through her blindness
She often mistakes.

Some substance is wanted
To balance the scale,
Which cold and hard iron weights
Can never avail.

That substance is Mercy
The heavenly dew,
Which seems to outrival
The rainbow's bright hue.

That gay arch triumphant
Of justice and peace,
Which oft in the heavens
Floats high on the breeze.

For Mercy's bright realm
Is pure and unstained,
Its kingdom is boundless,
Through meekness attained.

Its blessings are fruitful
Of joy and of love,
The bountiful manna
Thrown from above.

It's blest to the giver,
It gladdens his heart;
Thrice blest the receiver
Its good deeds impart.

For power is empty
And highly unjust,
If wisdom's unheeded
And trampled in dust.

The sceptre of mercy
Is tower of might,
Its sway is respected
And guarded with pride.

The emblem of happiness
Blest in its sway,
The herald of plenty
In glorious array.

On the Declaration of Peace with the South African Republics.

June, 1902.

THE war is o'er; sing we in gladsome strains
Of heartfelt praise and fervent gratitude,
The sweet deliverance from those bitter pains
So long experienced with submission mute.

We bowed our heads before the awful cross
That we so long have borne in agony,
We long have sought relief, but no remorse
In that fierce god of battle did we see.

But stern unflinching courage was our guide,
We wavered not, we never looked behind,
We stood our ground, nor did we think to hide
Ourselves when tempests raked the mind.

We gave the best that we had ever got,
We gave our noblest in that dreadful fight,
And long shall glory crown that valour bought
With precious blood of Britain's supreme might.

Britannia mourns the sons she gave away
In this stern war for her Empire's sake,
To plant on firmer ground her peaceful sway,
And her world-wide dominion solid make.

Our loss is great, but greater still the gain
That out of this will rise for years to come,
Sad memories will be blotted, and the pain
Extinguished by the Kingdom's joyful hum.

Our gallant foes we honour for the fight
They thought were making for their freedom's sake,
The handing of the olive branch will light
In both of us the love that friendships make.

No bitter rancour can there ever be
Where mutual confidence and love prevail,
The blessings of a righteous peace we see
Can never in its gladsome working fail.

"Peace upon Earth, goodwill to every man,"
So sang the holy sage in ages past,
And we will do the best we ever can
To make that peace and fellowship to last.

The Pax Britannica waves high the flag
That floats over every land and ocean wave,
Its peaceful sway of might can never lag
When once it has unfurled its pennons brave.

Long may it float o'er every land and sea
To guard the nations under its safe care,
And in its train be peace, prosperity,
And freedom's genial influence be there.

Hurrah! for Britain's Glory.

HURRAH! for Britain's glory,
Hurrah! for British might,
Her island's famous story
Written in pages bright,
Her glorious flag of freedom
That waves unstained and pure,
Over all her mighty kingdom
That stretch from shore to shore.

Hurrah! for Britain's sailors,
Her heroes of the sea,
The tough and hardy warriors,
Who fight so gallantly;
Whose deeds of dauntless valour,
Whose nerves of finest steel,
Shine forth with brightest colour,
Surpass all else in skill.

Hurrah ! for Britain's soldiers,
Her lads of dale and hill,
Of every fight the victors,
Whose blows the foemen feel ;
Their stubborn bull-dog breeding,
Their courage and their pluck,
Can never think of fainting,
Is never known to lurk.

Hurrah ! for Britain's statesmen,
The guardians of her name,
On whom is laid the burden
Of all her might and fame,
To keep it pure and stainless
From hostile blows or spite,
To guard her wealth so priceless,
To keep her honour bright.

Hurrah ! for Britain's councils,
The pillars of her realm,
The wisdom of her counsels,
The steerers of her helm ;
To these is due the merit,
To them all praise we owe,
Who have for ages carried
Our burden and our woe.

'So drink we to their glory,
    Their health and lasting fame,
Whose heritage we carry,
    From whom our splendour came ;
'So when we too have parted,
    We may behind us light
'The torch whose landmark pointed
    To Britain's fame and might.

Ode to Napoleon.

PROUD master of the field of war,
Thou victor stern and bold!
The glory that thou battled for
Has stamped thy name in history's lore,
Resounds thy fame for evermore,
In volumes all untold.

Thou flaming star of light
Rising with matchless force and vigour bright,
Clouding our earthly sight,
Shining from out the night,
With beauty born of hope and fear
As its strange course approach us near.

With wonder and amaze,
We see thy awful face,
Dazzling with its grim splendour all aglow;
We watch thy deadly pace
In its unearthly race,
To strike the world with a far-reaching blow.

The valour of the battlefield
Was gained by thee in doughty deeds of strength ;
A double handed sword to wield,
A throne magnificent to build,—
Thy plans were nearly all fulfilled,
When down the roaring tempest came at length,

And vanguished all thy might ;
It was a sorry plight
After so brave a fight
To sink so low,
Spurned and despised by every bitter foe
Who revelled with delight at thy sad woe.

The task that thou did'st set before thy sight
Was huge and wide,
But still the light
Grew ever bright,
That shone so deep in thee
Luxuriant as a tree.

A world thou had'st to conquer,
Nations to overthrow,
To rend them all asunder
With powder, sword and thunder,
With pillage wild and plunder,
And make hell's waters flow.

But Fate with a stern hand thy deeds foredoomed,
Nor let thy baleful spirit grow
To blast creation's work ;
It snapped thy works when victory almost boomed
Thy praises with a mighty glow,
When thou did'st nothing shirk.

Stern warrior bold,
Thy deeds untold
Shall ever hold
Humanity with wonder and amaze,
As history's lore its pages grand unfold
To stir the spirit and the soul to raise.

Ode to the Duke of Wellington.

HAIL, Victor ! crowned with laurels ever green
And deathless fame ;
England's proud might supreme
And her fair name,
Has ever matchless been
Since thy bright star high in the heavens was seen.

Thou stern avenger of the wronged !
Thou warrior grand !
In thee the virtues were all thronged ;
Thy mighty hand
Did'st ever lend
Its aid, to help the weak, the wrong to mend.

All nations looked to thee
In their dread hour of bitter pain and fear,
When death seemed near,
And chains the tyrant's plea,
From shameful misery
To set them free.

That haughty tyrant bowed his awful head,
To thee alone ;
And with a moan
Was by his victor led,
With all his glories flown,
His proud victorious pennons torn.

The field of Waterloo
Has stamped thy fame with everlasting dye
And rainbow hue ;
Thy name is praised on high
And sounded to the sky,
It cannot die.

In peace or war
Thy valour shone supreme and bright,
As a pure light
Mankind to guide
With counsel and with plans unmatched before
By human might.

A statesman and a soldier thou,
Two glories crowned in one,
Bright as the sun
Shining with radiance on that noble brow ;
With grand success thy race was run
Thy work well done.

A nation's trust was in thee placed
A nation's wealth,
To be her guide and aid
When unseen dangers hovered round in stealth,
And horrors gazed,
The people all amazed.

Bright gleams thy banner waving in the breeze
Studded with bright stars,
And fate hangs high on it her golden keys
Which soon with ease unlocked the bars
And gained thee entrance in the hall of Fame
To glorify thy name.

On the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra.

THE crown is on thy head thou mighty King,
Crowned and anointed pure ;
With loud acclaim a people hail thee King,
With acclamations loud
They raise their joyous shout,
They bow their knees to thee, they incense bring
Of pure and steadfast loyalty,
A humble offering.

Loud and more loud
From distant lands and seas the echoes fly,
The voice of peoples proud
To hail thee Emperor-King ;
And one continuous roar,
Circles from shore to shore
The martial airs of England's sovereignty,
Sung deep from the full-throated voice
Of countless millions,
As they acclaim the choice,
The noble line of England's sovereigns.

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From the four corners of the world
The shouts of triumph come,
They come unceasingly and fast,
And high above is seen the banner furled,
That glorious flag,
The flag of victory,
Of peace and concord, friendship, and of love,
Waving its pennons proud
Above that mighty chorus of joyful shout,
Cheering heartily,
The cheers that never lag.

And thou who hast been crowned with majesty
And kingly pomp of state,
For thee we offer up most fervently
Our heartfelt thanks to that Eternal Power,
For thy deliverance so late
From the sick bed to which a cruel fate
Doomed thee amidst the joy
That centered round thy throne.
Amidst the gay festivities,
The gladsome union of all hearts that beat as one
In steadfast zeal to thy majestic sway,
And which found joyful utterance,
In this the center of thy Empire grand ;
Amidst that joyful hum,
With sudden stroke our hearts were still,

And with mute anguish humbly bent
Ourselves to that Almighty Judge,
And bowed down to His will.

He heard our prayers,
The prayers we offered up with fervent lips
To save thee, still over us to rule,
To watch and ease our cares,
And to partake of all our joys and sorrows.
Soon thou regainest back the strength
Which thou hadst lost,
And day by day thy spirit rose
To face and do the work,
That which so late had cost
Thee and thy nation bitter woes;
And soon at length
The day came round again,
When new life seemed to flow in thy warm veins,
And every pain
Was from thee banished far and wide.

The cloud is lifted from our sight again,
The sky in azure brightness lies above,
The heavens are glad,
And beaming Nature sweetly smiles once more.
The peaceful dove,
Which long had flown about the troubled main,
Safely regains the shore,
And rests secluded in its sheltered nest.

The sounds of jarring strife,
The bitter pangs of life,
Which stirred this nation to its utmost depths
Are hushed in peace.
No more the deadly strokes of war
Weave round their cruel webs
Of agony and fear.
The sword is in the sheath,
The blood-stained spear,
And all the horrid armaments we bore
With grim resolve,
Are hidden in the ground ;
And peaceful sound
Of mutual confidence and love,
The busy hum of life,
Takes the lost place of fierce and dreadful Mars.
Bright shine the heavenly stars,
Pouring their soft and radiant light once more
On this fair smiling earth.

And 'midst the gladsome jubilee
Of joyful hearts
Gathered in peace under thy glorious flag
The sound of strife departs,
And gay festivity,
Mingled with mirth and laughter's merry voice
The people all rejoice,
And at their cheerful feasts,
Drink to thy health,

And pray for safety to their Emperor-King,
Whom they have crowned at last
With joy and grand magnificence,
The regal pomp of state,
And holy rites.

The words thou did'st proclaim
When thou wert crowned,
Have stamped their image deep in faithful hearts,
Who hold thy name
In reverence and deepest loyalty.
They breathe the glorious words
Of stern fidelity,
Of zeal, solicitude and love,
In all that doth relate
To those most noble duties of a king,—
The welfare of his subjects and his State.
These kind and noble actions bind,
All those that hold thy sway
In true obedience,
More firmly to thy throne,
Where they their truest safety find.
They gladly own
Their firm allegiance,
And zeal for safely keeping in their care
Those priceless gifts,
Which faith and high esteem,
And every proud attachment to the state,
Deals out to them,
And which they nobly bear.

A firm and sure foundation had'st thou found
In these affections which thy subjects show
Towards thee and thy throne.
The bond is knit in triple round
Of love and faith and loyalty,
Which cannot know
Of aught that could estrange them from the ground
On which they firmly stand.
For what is there that could so firmly bind,
And rulers to their subjects show,
Than sympathy and love,
A mutual tie,
So blest!
To find
Out, and to know
The wants that are above
All other things, in which doth lie
The good of all, is sure the ruler's test.
It proves a blessing kind,
Alike to him who holds in trust his sway
And all to those over whom,
From day to day,
His tender sympathy is brought to bear.
These are the ties that never wear ;
They shine from out the clouds that loom
O'er the blue sky ;
They stand the strain of many a bitter day,
Which soon goes by,
And leaves but slight impression in its wake.

But no attachment can exist
When aught, that monarchs care,
Has no regard
For their poor subjects' weal or woe.
For what would a lone vessel make
Of progress in a mist,
When those who share
And guard that boat,
Are pulling each the other way?
For then the foe,
Who long had watched in silence for his day,
Taking advantage of the plight
To which is doomed the solitary ship,
Would play the havoc wild,
And which grim fight
Would make the vessel leap
Far off into the sea
Where chaos and confusion hold their reign;
And chance may be,
That soon the dreaded terrors of the deep
And howling main
O'erwhelm that fated craft,
And sink it to unfathomed caves below.
But union and firm faith
Can stand the strain
Of any hostile blow,
And every treacherous shaft,
A watchful enemy may try to throw;
A union built on steadfast faith and hope,

On trust, solicitude, and fervent care,
That would not let in any wrongful deed
To mar the just accord,
The steadfast confidence,
The zeal for each the other's good,
And all that should
Be guarded jealously with all our strength.

But thou who hast thy people's good at heart,
Sure pledge of justice and of truth,
Of righteousness and love,
In thee we put our loyal trust ;
For well we know thou can'st not suffer wrong
To have its course unchecked,
To let the strong
Their baneful influence exert
To crush the weak and helpless.
Thy power thou wieldest with sure strength,
With vigilance alert,
So that each subject has his full reward,
His due of merit and of praise,
From thy most gracious hand.
May thou before thee raise
Thy mother's image dear,
That guardian angel who reigned over us
And blessed us with her fervent love ;
For thou can'st surely never go astray,
In word or deed,
And in all actions that thou must fulfil,

If thou do'st walk in that same righteous path
In which the mighty dead
Her glorious work attained.

These gracious qualities we see,
In thee our Sovereign and our King,
Our guide and true protector;
Thy welcomed reign may ever be
For good victorious, and may bring
Of peace, the glorious shelter.
May strength be thine to wield the rod,
With faith in that Almighty God,
Who gave thee power and fortitude
To work for all thy people's good.
And blest in her who long has been
Thy gentle wife, our gracious Queen,
She who through all thy suffering deep,
And in that short and painful sleep,
Did watch and tend thee with her care,
And all thy sorrows with thee share,
And eased the pains which cruel fate
With dreadful hand had struck thee late.
May that kind minister and guide
Her gentle arms encircle wide,
And all her people with her love,
With sweet and gentle kindness serve.
In her the truest form we see
Of kind and noble charity,
That fervent love, that steadfast zeal

To work for all her people's weal,
Their every care and sorrow kill
With that most kind and gentle will,
That true solicitude, that love,
Which like the heavenly rain above,
Falls down on this fair earth to bless
All creatures with its mild caress.
May God with his Almighty hand
His genial sunshine to thee send,
And give thee strength thy work to do,
And make thy path of rainbow hue,
So that no earthly sorrow may
Its shadow cast on thy bright day ;
But every pain be banished far
And nought of sadness come to mar
Thy days to pass on this fair earth,
So that all things be full of mirth,
And bright blue skies their sunshine pour
On thee and thine for evermore.

The Skylark.

HAIL! blithsome bird of melody,
Thou herald of the morn,
Thy tuneful lays of minstrelsy
How softly are they borne!

They come through that bright azure cloud,
We hear them in the breeze,
We hear the strains both soft and loud,
They never seem to cease.

How few the happy birds that skim
The blue and balmy sky,
How tame in melody they seem
As their weak notes pass by!

No plumaged bard can rival thee,
Thou minstrel true and brave,
We see the very soul in thee
That sings though in the grave.

We love to see thee in the sky,
  Before the dawn of day,
When thou art on thy journey high
  And seemest sweet and gay.

How soft thy dewy numbers float
  In that fresh breath of morn,
When Nature wears its freshest coat
  And blooms the ripening corn.

The very air seems sweet to taste
  When music from thy breast,
Perfumes with fragrance mild and chaste,
  With Nature all at rest.

We watch thy floating form on high
  Till far above our sight;
The morning cloud hides from our eye
  Thy speck in its long flight.

And higher as thou risest swift,
  Sweet swells in sound thy note,
A magic hand seems thee to lift,
  A cherub tunes thy throat.

'Tis then we think thou art a soul,
  An angel from the skies,
Pouring his sweet and saint-like roll
  Of sound that never dies.

Telling us to despise the pains,
The daily cares of life,
And shows what happiness it gains
Through freedom from all strife.

Thou angel visitant on earth,
Safe may thy journey be,
To bring back in thy train all mirth,
Pleasure and jollity.

Life's Mystery.

OUR little life! how sweet its music murmurs,
In tones of glad delight,
When on the wings of joy it slowly flutters,
As if in heaven's sight.

Our wave of life rolls on without commotion
But for a few short years,
When tender arms fulfil their steadfast function,
And far away all fears.

O, blessed childhood, free from life's pollution,
Free from all care and sin,
How sweet thy waters flowed towards that ocean,
From whence began the din,

Of howling waters in their madness whirling,
In foams of agony,
The tempests wild of ceaseless strife and daring,
That rages steadfastly.

Can there be any who have never tasted
These waters sad and dim?
Who never had their youth and beauty wasted
Through life's polluted stream?

There may be some who in the lap of riches
Are free from trials stern,
Who may be strangers to what hardship teaches,
What misery can learn.

But few there be who know not sad affliction,
Who are exempt from pain,
From some slow torture of the mind's commotion,
Some rankling worm half slain.

To all life deals its dole of joy and sadness,
In its own silent way,
Till its small thread has spun its work of gladness
For that eternal day.

Then we our parting take from those we cherished,
Our friends of many days,
Who with slow footsteps carry what has perished
To its last resting place.

There safe amidst the quiet tombstones dreary,
We lie in peaceful rest,
Far from all bitter trials, we, the weary,
Find there a refuge blest.

In Memoriam.

Queen Victoria.

Died January 22nd, 1901.

WE mourn thee; thou who hast reigned over us
For three-score years with peace, goodwill and love,
A love that shone with unremitting light
For high and low, the poor, the rich and grand;
And with an aching heart did'st understand
And keenly feel the anguish of those minds,
Torn with a grief that had no other thought
But of their loss severe,—a husband, son,
Or brother, snatched from hearts where love lies deep.
Thou who thyself hast known and felt these griefs,
Did'st with a double smart of sympathy
And recollection share thy people's griefs.
Deeply we mourn thee, thou beloved Queen!
Thou peerless gem of sovereignty divine,
Whose radiant influence for peace and love
The wide world knew and honoured! Thou did'st wield

Thy regal sceptre with true grace and strength
Which tamed the stubborn mind ; the haughty brow
Of stern authority was soon unknit
By reason sound. No gorgeous pomp of power,
No grand displays thy loving subjects awed.
These did not charm thy simple soul, where love
And peace did reign supreme ; for thou wast kind,
And meek simplicity thou liked'st best.
Our loss was great ; the tie that drew us all
Around thy loving self was snapped too soon.
It is so sad that thou should'st be no more—
That we must live without our loving Queen—
Who was our " guide, philosopher, and friend."

In Memoriam.

Empress Frederick.

O WORTHY daughter of good parents blest,
A nation mourns thy loss with tears of grief;—
They mourn that thy existence should be brief,—
To part so soon to thy eternal rest.
Thy goodness bounteous, as the winds of Heaven
Fresh blowing over every land and sea
To cheer the hearts of men, did prove to be
The life and nourisher to mortals giv'n.
Thy strong right hand frustrates decrees of Fate,
A willing succour gives to foreign parts,
That nations hostile, but with grateful hearts
Proclaim, that love, which takes the place of hate,
May angels greet at Heaven's peaceful gate
Thy loving soul, laid low by Death's grim darts.

In Memoriam.

President MacKinley.

Assassinated September 14th, 1901.

I.

GONE from our gaze, no more to be seen,
The life that we love so well,
Flown to that far-off distant land,
Where heavenly angels dwell.

The bright, the strong, the most beautiful,
Laid low by murderous hands ;
Slaughtered to quench the mad, burning thirst,
The heart of the madman rends.

Mourned by a nation, deep and sincere,
Mourned by a sorrowing wife :
With bitter tears by keen anguish rent,
For a good and noble life.

Sadly and softly we let him lie,
To take his eternal rest ;
We turn from the grave with solemn steps,
And think of that soul so blest.

In Memoriam.

President MacKinley.

Assassinated September 14th, 1901.

II.

AWAY to the regions of blessed abode
That soul so good and so pure,
Has flown to escape from that heavy load
Which earthly life cannot cure.

He put down his life for a nation's sake,
For a people true and brave,
He died with the glory that heroes take
When laid in a noble grave.

For valour and might though great they may be,
In field and in battle plain,
We do not love them with that love we see
And feel, for a patriot slain.

The murderous hands which make tyrants fear
To think they may soon be dead ;
No terrors have they, for the pall and bier
The free born soul do not dread.

Then sing we the praise of that we have seen
And admired, though afar,
We sing to the glory of what has been,
To honour that heav'nly star.

Life's Destiny.

GOD made the earth, the air and sky,
He made us human beings too,
He gave us strength our work to do,
With peace of mind in actions high.

On our first entrance in the world
With tiny voice we mew and cry
As if we know we are to die
In tempests tossed, in whirlwinds hurled.

In tender arms our childhood pass,
A mother's hand then comfort us,
We never hear a mother curse,
But blessings pure a mother has.

A mother charms our little life,
God made her tender, kind and true
To shield her child from much ado
In tender years from earthly strife.

With her we lisp our infant prayers,
With tiny hands uplifted high,
We see the angels standing nigh
To sing with us ethereal airs.

And as our life from day to day
Its sure and silent course pursues,
Our growing strength of mind subdues
Youth's folly with a genial ray.

Our masters shape our infant minds
They teach us calmly how to shoot
The tree of life just at the root
With arrows barbed of several kinds.

We hold the golden keys of Fate
At this, the threshold of our life,
When we for pearls of knowledge dive
By fathoms deep through Wisdom's gate.

These shall unlock to us the might,
The majesty of sacred muse
For Wisdom's lore cannot abuse
The youthful mind with misty light.

We quaff the waters cool and clear
Which from the spring of knowledge start,
The fount of poesy and art,
The waters which we hold so dear.

And Wisdom's gate is opened wide
To all who wish to enter in
The palace free from noise and din,
And seek help from our surest guide.

For youth's foundation stone is laid
Before he starts on life's lone way,
In this there cannot be delay,
For soon the lamp of life will fade.

On this foundation doth depend
The lofty structure that we raise,
The art and eloquence we praise,
The time and labour that we spend.

So lay we down the stone on stone
With perfect symmetry and plan,
We ought to do the best we can
Without a sigh, without a moan.

The youth who does not look above
And aim at life's successful crown,
'Tis likely that he may look down
And gaze at that he cannot love.

Then let ambition's noble strain
Its solemn music chant to us,
And let us face without distrust
The waters of life's roaring main.

And gird we on the plate of steel,
The armour for the field of life,
To fight the battle, face the strife,
The blow to give, the blow to feel.

But timid hearts make sorry plight,
They dare not give, they dare not take,
They n'er attempt, they never make
Success or loss amidst the fight.

And know we not that n'er was done
By human beings great or small,
Their matchless works, but one and all
Encountered hardships in the run.

The lights that shone in other days,
The men of intellect and pow'r,
Have left their footmarks to this hour,
And beckon us with their bright rays.

Then why shrink we with pure dismay,
With utter want of nerve and heart,
In life's stern war to take our part,
And give our share from day to day?

So let us with a cheerful mind
Resourceful Nature call to aid
And seek the goods that she has made
On this fair earth for all mankind.

Bright shines our star of destiny
With radiance bright of matchless light,
Beaming with grandeur in the night,
When things around sleep silently.

Sometimes a cloud may mar its light,
And hide it from our earthly gaze,
But heavenly winds the clouds will raise
And soon the star returns to sight.

We all have Faith by which we know
That clouds and darkness soon pass by,
That earthly misery will fly,
When heaven's lights in radiance flow.

So if, perchance, in times of stress
Depression's pall hangs over us,
We should be mindful not to curse
The lot that us in hardship press.

For aught we know that this is good,
That we by trials should be borne,
That we should have our part to mourn
And take it as our daily food.

It is our nourisher and strength,
It makes the gladness more secure,
It makes us pride the pleasure pure,
When sorrows disappear at length.

It makes our metal true as steel,
And gives the tone to life and thought
By all the lessons it has taught
Of human misery and weal.

God never made a man to mourn
For all eternity and time,
He holds it as a sin and crime
If we by senseless grief be torn.

We all have shared the lot of woe.
That is assigned to mortal man,
The hidden mystery and plan
That human kind must undergo.

These days are few, they cannot last,
They have their short appointed time,
We soon may hear their passing chime
And rest secure that they are past.

The slow, eternal round of things
Must run its sure and silent course,
And man bears patiently the cross
Until the glad hosannah rings.

The Song of the Pen.

O, THE freeborn pen is a mighty power,
In the hands of a fearless man,
For its aim and vigour has oft been praised
By all since the world began.

It has been in the midst of storm and stress
Amidst life's terrific din,
It has fought with valour matchless and brave,
With the strength of a warrior keen.

O, the pen that is free shall surely win
The pitch-fought battles of life,
It shall fight with the strength of manhood's might,
Be victorious in the strife.

Let tyrants beware of despotic sway
Over nations proud and brave,
For with lances free we shall teach them how
Their kingdom's honour to save.

Hurrah, for the pen that never does shrink
From pointing to treacherous paths,
That fights for freedom and justice and truth
With grim and avenging darts.

Long may it flourish in strength and in might
To guard us and guide our way,
That foes may not triumph in shameful deeds
And rule us under their sway.

The New Year.

HAIL! gladsome morn, in beauty's prime adorned,
Fresh laden with the sent of joys in store,
We welcome with delight thy precious bond
Of goodwill, which all moral men adore.

With smiles and laughter beaming in the face
And joyful sounds of revelry and mirth,
We see the moments pass with rapid pace
That bring glad tidings of the New Year's birth

"Peace upon earth, goodwill to every man,"
So rings the holy concord's joyful blast,
But man may lay with fervent hope his plan,
Though quite beyond his power to make it last

But hope is strong in all our human hearts,
Though clouds and darkness be above us rife,
We work and labour in our daily parts
That we with hope may fight our way through life.

Thus we with cheerful voices hail the year,
We welcome it in all its beauty grand,
We see the new born babe bereft of fear,
And hope and pray it may successful end.

Summer.

I.

HAIL glorious sunshine, laughing summer days,
Sweet with the fresh and balmy breath of air
Serene and mild, that waft away all care
From restless minds, and lure them on to ways
And occupations full of mirth, where plays
Of youthful pleasure find their votaries.
Now, glad and happy, Nature beaming lies,
Drest in her gayest robes of greenest bays
Lined with the soft and glossy heather bright.
The birds that soar high in the glorious sky,
Or weave their peaceful nests, sing with delight
Their sweetest lays. How joyous they float by
Chirping as if their tiny hearts of slender bounds
Would break in their exulting merry rounds.

II.

NOW is the time, when fresh from balmy sleep,
To rise up with the lark, and hear him sing
His tuneful melodies, which seem to bring
To our happy minds, glad thoughts, that keep

Their records bright and gay in our hearts deep,
Of days that seemed to us one long bright morn.
All nature seems awake with music, borne
Softly o'er the breeze, in tunes that leap
With throbbing melody. Both beasts and birds
Alike seem to rejoice with nature and partake
Her bounties to the full, and silent herds
Their honey pasture chew in peaceful state,
And lay aside their dismal bleats that rise
When Nature seems to take a mournful guise.

III.

THE beauteous sunshine bathes all things with light,
That strong and blessed beam, created pure
To shine on us below, to heal and cure
All things under its influence of might;
And every plant and blooming verdure bright
Seems opening all its tiny little leaves,
And with the scent of fragrance sweet, it gives
Refreshment good for all the day's hard fight.
How green and beautiful the carpet seems
Spread out in Nature's vast and grand domain,
All lighted up with those bright dazzling beams
From out the sun; all other things look vain
And empty when beheld, for none can vie
With that rich carpet in its glorious dye.

IV.

WITH the bright velvet softness of the fields
In this glad summer time, when mild the air
And gay the scene around, who would not dare
To visit solemn Nature where she yields
Her priceless treasures to her worshiper,
Secluded from all else with jealous care ;
The genial mildness of those beauties fair,
Those radiant jewels that belong to her,
Are given joyfully to those who pine
For them, her votaries who come to pay
Their due of love and pleasure at her shrine.
Kind Nature never hides her wealth ; all may
Enjoy and taste her bounties to the full ;
Fair sailing lies for those who care to pull.

V.

BY meadows green or joyful river side
Sweet pleasure in abundance lies for all ;
To sit on mossy banks and hear the fall
Of waters flowing with a ripple wide,
And with a soft and pleasing murmur glide
Into and feed the ever flowing stream
On which the small and dainty crafts all seem
To make their home. How pleasant 'tis to ride
On that bright little stream, on some small boat
That softly skims o'er gentle currents deep

And safe, and where it could with calmness float,
Surrounded by the mossy banks that leap
On either side, and with the vista grand
Of fruitful feature smiling on the land.

VI.

NOW rippling laughter circles round with song
The May-pole, decked with flowers of various hues
Culled from the blossoms covered o'er with dews
Like silver drops of sparkling radiance strong ;
And decked alike the May-Queen in her long
And flowing robes of purest white, with wreaths
Of flowers circling round her form, that breaths
A fascinating sweetness all among
The throng of youthful lads and lasses gay,
Who are with joy astir to sing high praise
To their sweet Fairie-Queen. They tune their lay
In worship of the gladsome summer days,
When hearts are light and strong the nimble feet
And youth and joy in festive concord meet.

Autumn.

I.

THE warm and balmy summer days, with slow
Decline, creep gently to some other spheres,
Yielding its place of warmth to one who wears
A milder prospect, in those times that show
Glad Nature at its very best. The genial flow
Of the bright sun's more potent rays, grows less,
And milder sunbeams shine, and trees attest
The disappearance of that dazzling glow,
When quietly by slow degrees they drop
Their bright and leafy verdure one by one.
We take no pains, nor do we care to prop
Their dying splendour when their work is done.
We know that Nature only takes a rest
Like to the bird in its own quiet nest.

II.

THE Autumn winds are sighing in the trees,
The cold bleak air gives token of a change,
That in swift time will come to disarrange
Our pleasures in the fields when the cool breeze,

Now pleasant to enjoy, grows cold, to freeze
The smiling ground on which we long had stayed.
The merry sports and frolics we have played
In the warm summer bright, still charm and please
Us with their gay delight ; for in this air,
So mild and vigorous, our energies
Renew with double strength ; we cannot miss
The leafy verdure that will soon be bare.
This season gives delight and pleasing charm,
And proves to tired minds a gladsome balm.

Winter.

NOW hoary winter covers with her sheet
Of purest white, the cold and silent earth,
Which takes its quiet rest after the mirth
And laughter it provoked, when merry feet
Their jovial rounds enjoyed. For now 'tis meet
That we should put aside these pleasures gay,
With which the smiling earth had paved our way,
And round the cheerful blazing fire sit.
Here now the merry sounds of laughter rippling o'er
In its heartfelt delight, comes to the ear,
When fascinating tales amuse us more,
And jokes are cracked, and smiling faces dear
Attest that all around the hearth is bright
When merry eyes are beaming in its light.

II.

AND soon the time comes round, glad Christmas tide,
When pleasure in abundance has its fill ;
For now the hall in its bright splendour will
Be all adorned, and where the branches wide

Of greenest myrtle spring from out its side
With wreaths of holly twined in glad display.
We welcome in the Merry Christmas day
With all festivity, when our delight
And joy finds sweet expression in the hearts
That are together bound with love's fond tie.
Though Nature may be dull in all its parts
Outside the walls of that bright hall, and lie
In peaceful state ; inside all is quite gay
As if the sun were pouring there its ray.

Spring.

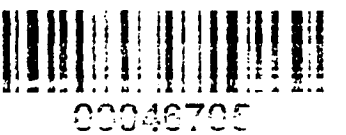
I.

NATURE has had its rest; the snow that lay
In masses on the ground has disappeared;
The barren branches of the trees, that reared
Their silent heads in gloom, receive the ray
Of the kind sun, which once again its day
Of gladness for mankind begins. The small
Green leaves respond with pleasure to that call,
When Nature, blowing with her trumpet gay,
Summons the earth to wake up from its sleep;
And soon the tiny shoots their little heads
Show forth with a sweet smile, and take a peep
At their surroundings wild. The flower beds
Bloom out by slow degrees in colours bright,
Made beautiful and fresh by warm sunlight.

II.

NOW once again the joyful chirps and cries
Of beasts and birds are heard by us around
Our garden paths; we know too well that sound
Of joy which in the mute creation lies,

And which it shows when Nature's sadness flies
Away to other lands. For Spring has come
To fill once more, up to the brim, the sum
Of human happiness that never dies.
Once more the fields and meadows that have laid
In quiet stillness, resting for a time,
Receive that fresh and sparkling tint that made
Them so attractive to the sense. This clime,
When nature that was sad regains her smile,
Gives proof that sorrows last but for a while.



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